

**Nº1 - FREE INSIDE - AN EXCITING AEROPLANE MOBILE**

EVERY WEDNESDAY 12p

# the **Wonderful** **World** of **Disney**



Australia . 30c. New Zealand . 30c. South Africa . 30c.  
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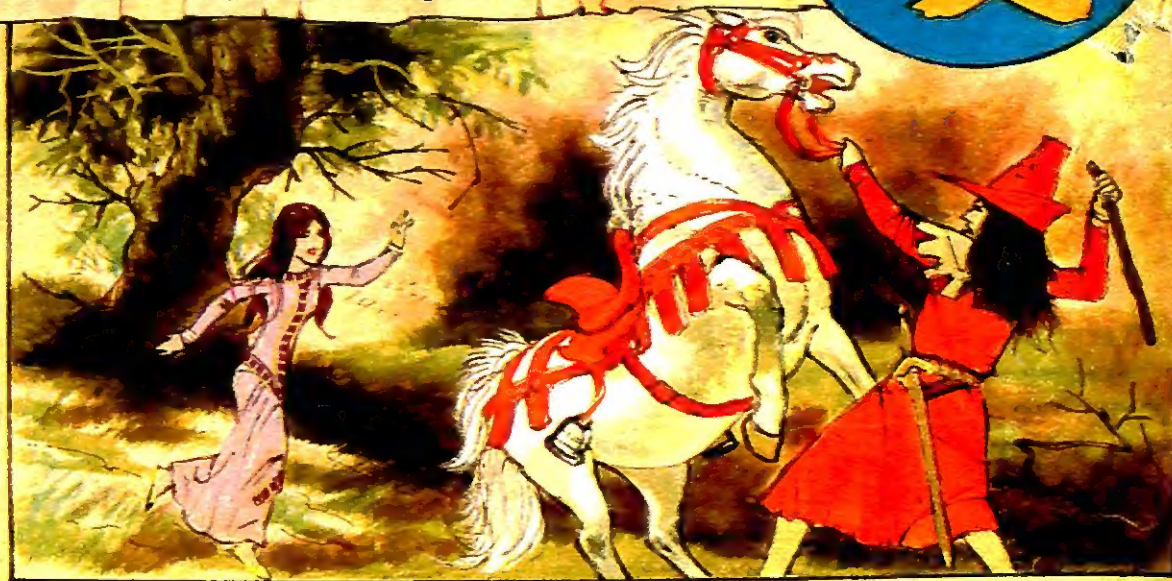


# The Tales of Mother Goose

"Hallo," says Mother Goose, "I am sure that everybody has heard of me and knows that I tell exciting stories. Well, I will be here every week from now on to tell you the most wonderful tales I know. This week I will tell you all about the Princess, the Prince, the Wicked Magician and the Magic Horse."



1. Once there was a beautiful princess named Gloria who lived in the land of Wistaria. She was the daughter of good King Karol and although she lived in a splendid palace, she liked nothing better than to wander in the woodland to gather the nodding flowers and make friends with the gentle animals. A soldier of the King's Bodyguard always went along with her to see that no harm befell her.



2. Then, upon a certain day, she became separated from the soldier while strolling in a distant part of the forest. Some time later she came upon a tall man clad in red velvet, ill-treating a beautiful white horse. At once the princess ran forward. "Stop!" she shouted. "I am Princess Gloria, the daughter of good King Karol and I order you to stop beating that horse at once." The big man turned his head and smiled at the princess—and his smile was evil. "I know who you are but do not interfere with what does not concern you," he replied coldly. "Rascal!" cried the princess to the man in red. "If you do not obey me I shall tell my father and he will have you thrown into prison. Do not forget who is speaking to you!"



3. The tall man shook his head. "No, I will not forget who I am speaking to," said he. "But nobody speaks to me like that. To teach you a lesson, *you* will forget who *you* are!" And so saying he touched the princess's wrist. "I am Mordant the magician," the tall man went on, "and I am the one man in all the world whose path you should not have crossed." But the princess heard him not, for she was already walking away, not knowing who she was or where she was going.



4. Mordant laughed. "That will teach you to respect magicians in future, my fine lady," he sneered. Then he mounted his magnificent white horse and rode away, looking for more wicked mischief to do. As for Princess Gloria, she wandered far, far away for days and days eating wild strawberries and other fruit that grew everywhere in the great forest land. Of course, when she was missed at the palace, King Karol sent soldiers in search of her. But no trace of the princess was found.







5. Well, the weeks went by. At last, very, very upset at losing their daughter, King Karol and his wife, the Queen, let it be known that whosoever could find and return the princess to them, would receive in return their most treasured possession. Now it so happened that a certain valiant prince named Silvano of the Shining Sword had been searching for Mordant the magician, to put an end to his wicked ways once and for all.

6. They met at last one morning, in a sunny meadow and here they fought from morn till night. At long last, Silvano beat Mordant to the ground and forced him to surrender. "Swear on your honour as a magician that you will never work evil again," ordered the prince. "If you don't I will imprison you in my castle and never set you free." Mordant knew he was beaten. "I swear on my honour as a magician," he muttered. He was very angry for he knew that if he did not keep his word, the word of a magician, he would lose all his magic powers, whether he wanted to use them for good or evil.

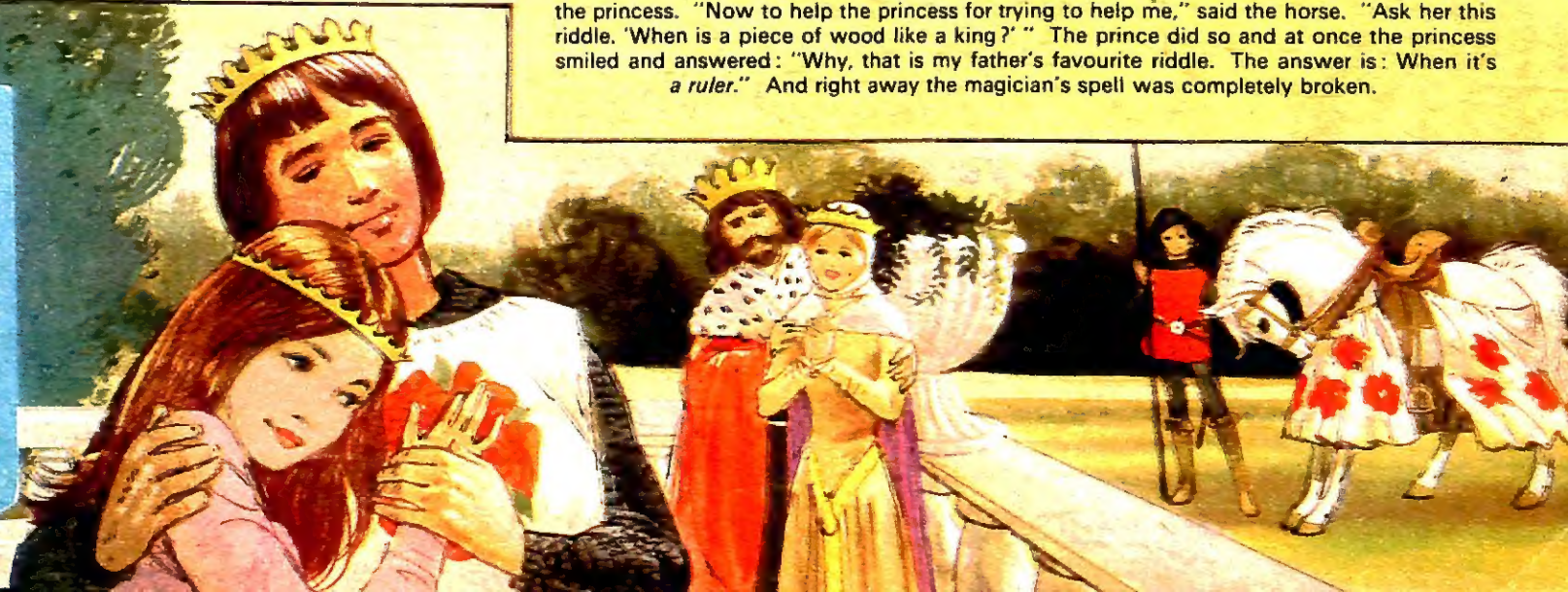


7. The prince was just about to mount his horse and ride away, when strange to tell, Mordant's great white horse opened its mouth and spoke. "You have saved me from a life of misery, your highness," it said. "In return I will do you a good turn. Come, climb into my saddle." Wonderingly, the prince did so and at once the horse leaped high over Mordant's head, into the air and away over the tree-tops.



8. Throughout the long day, the horse flew across the blue, blue sky until at last it came to a wide flowing river. Far below, beside the rippling water sat Princess Gloria. She still did not know who she was or where she came from. The horse flew down and landed beside the princess. "Now to help the princess for trying to help me," said the horse. "Ask her this riddle. 'When is a piece of wood like a king?' " The prince did so and at once the princess smiled and answered: "Why, that is my father's favourite riddle. The answer is: When it's a ruler." And right away the magician's spell was completely broken.

9. You see, this was the magician's spell. If the Princess could only answer a riddle correctly the spell would be broken. And this is what had happened. Well, the magic horse flew the Prince and Princess back home. How pleased were the King and Queen. "We promised to give our greatest treasure to whoever returned our daughter," said the King. "Now what is that?" "Why me, of course, father," smiled Gloria who had fallen in love with Silvano, as he had with her. So they married and lived happily ever after.

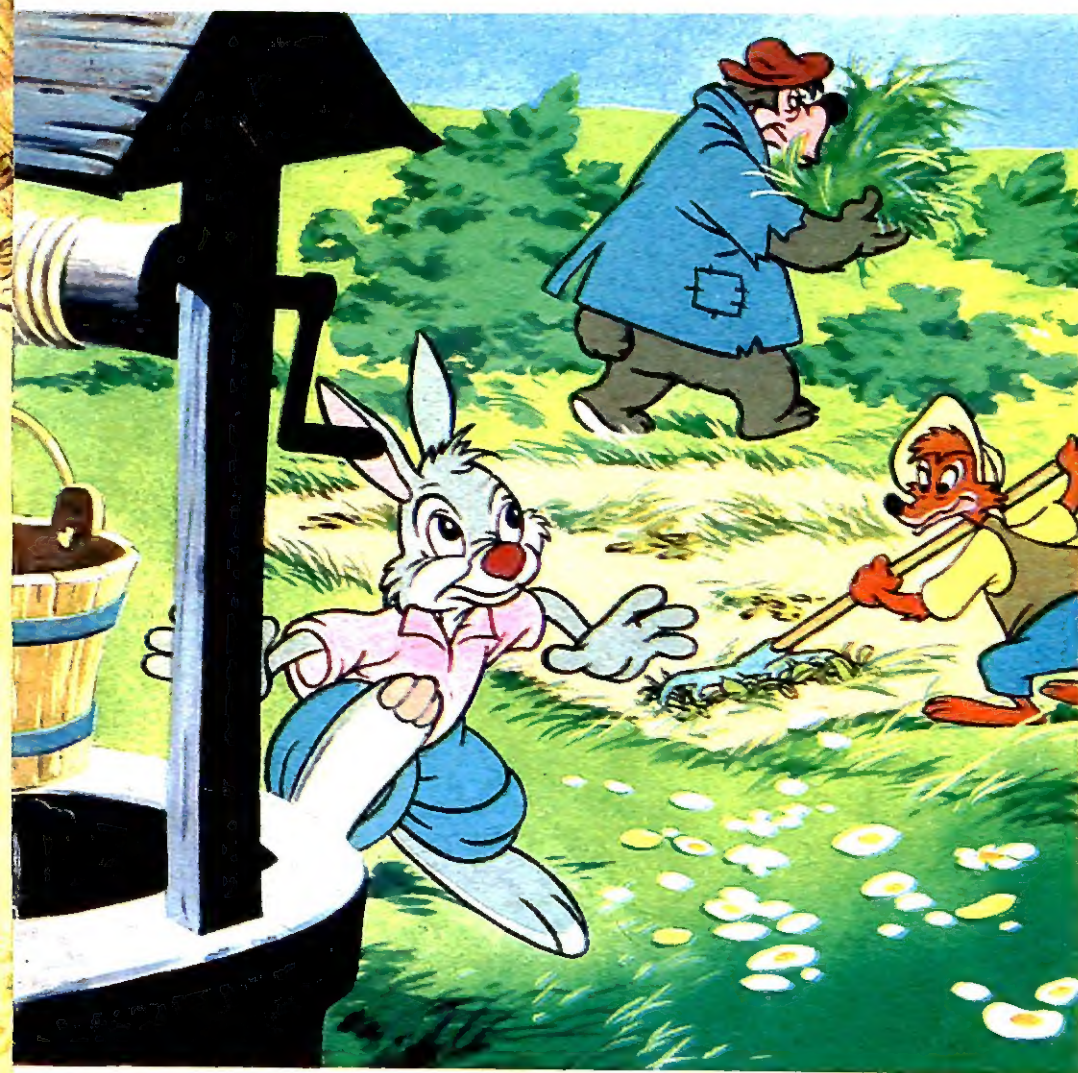






# Way down yonder in **BRIAR PATCH**

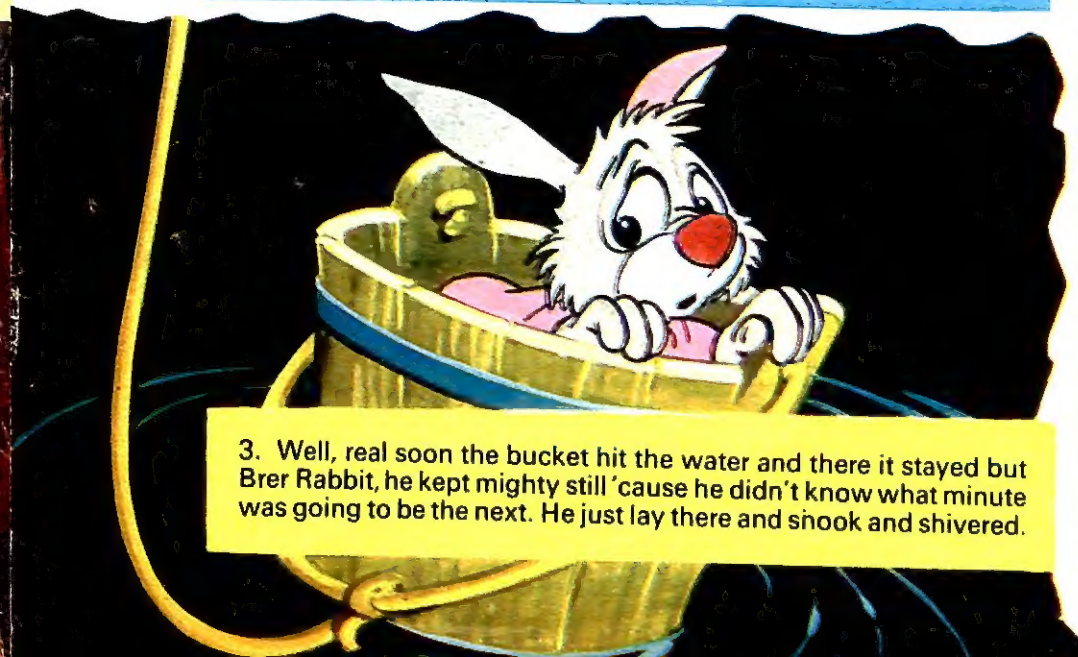
There was once a little boy who liked stories and an old man named Uncle Remus who liked to tell them. They lived on a cotton plantation in faraway America. Every evening the little boy ran along to the old man's cabin. He knew there would be another funny tale of Brer Rabbit waiting for him. Here is one of the stories Uncle Remus told to the little boy.



1. Just you make yourself comfortable, boy, 'cause I'm a-going to tell you all about the day when that little rascal Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox played upsy-downy in a deep well. It seems like Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Brer Bear were clearing up some ground down there in Briar Patch where they all lived. They were aiming to plant some corn seed so's they could all have some corn 'cause those animal folk sure liked eating corn-on-the-cob with lots an' lots of lovely butter. Now the sun got to get sort of hot and Brer Rabbit, he got tired. But he didn't let on 'cause he feared the others would call him lazy. Well, by-and-by he hollered out that he'd got a thorn in his hand. Then he slipped off to find a cool place to rest.

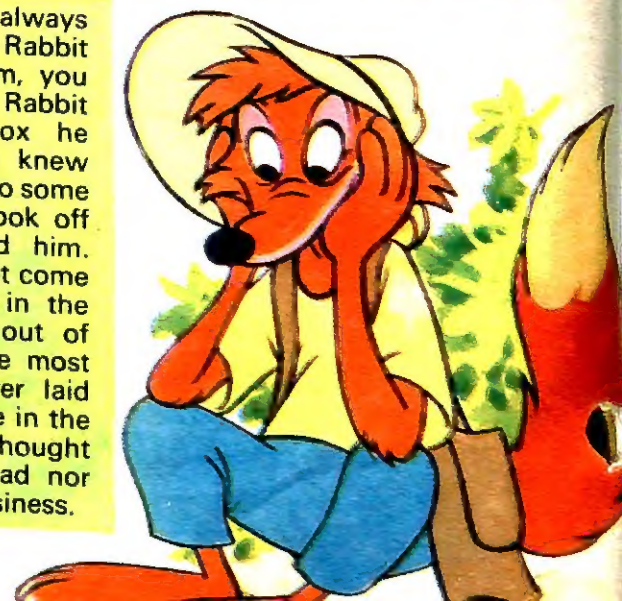


2. After a while he came across a well with a bucket hanging over it. "That looks cool," says Brer Rabbit, says he, "and cool I 'spect it is. I'll just get in there and take a nap," and with that in he jumped. But he no sooner made himself comfortable when the bucket began to go down. There has never been a worse scared little fellow since the world began than this here same Brer Rabbit. He fairly had the shakes and the trembles. He knew where he was coming from but he sure didn't know where he was going to. Down and down went Brer Rabbit. "I sure am going down in the world," he muttered. "Oh, shucks! What happens when I arrive below and how am I going to get out again?"



3. Well, real soon the bucket hit the water and there it stayed but Brer Rabbit, he kept mighty still 'cause he didn't know what minute was going to be the next. He just lay there and snook and shivered.

4. Now, Brer Fox has always got one eye on Brer Rabbit 'cause he don't like him, you see, and so when Brer Rabbit slipped away, Brer Fox he sneaked after him. He knew that Brer Rabbit was up to some trick or other and he took off creeping, and watched him. Brer Fox saw Brer Rabbit come to the well and jump in the bucket and go down out of sight. Brer Fox was the most astonished fox you ever laid eyes on. He sat off there in the bushes and thought and thought but he didn't make head nor tails of this kind of business.





5. Then Brer Fox says to himself, says he "Well, I'll be banged! Right down in that well Brer Rabbit is keeping his money hid and if it isn't that, then he's gone and discovered a gold-mine and if it isn't that, then I'm going to see what's in here," says he. Brer Fox crept up a little nigher, he did and listened, but he didn't hear any fuss and he kept on getting nigher and yet he didn't hear anything.

By-and-by he got up close and peeped down but he didn't see anything and he didn't hear anything.

All this time, Brer Rabbit was mighty nigh scared out of his skin and he feared to move in case the bucket keeled over and spilled him out in the water. While he was saying his prayers like a railroad engine and trucks rattling along, old Brer Fox hollered out: "Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who you visiting down there?" says he.



6. "Who? Me? Oh, I'm jest a-fishing, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit, says he, "I jest said to myself that I'd sort of surprise you all with some fish for dinner and so here I am and there's the fish," says Brer Rabbit. "Is there many of 'em down there, Brer Rabbit?" says Brer Fox, say he. "Lots of 'em, Brer Fox. Scores and scores of 'em. The water is jest naturally alive with 'em. Come down and help me haul 'em in, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit, says he. "How'm I going to get down, Brer Rabbit?" asked Brer Fox. "Jump into the other bucket, Brer Fox. It'll fetch you down all safe and sound," and Brer Rabbit talked so sweet that Brer Fox, he jumped into the other bucket and, as he went down, his weight pulled Brer Rabbit up.

7. When they passed each other half-way, Brer Rabbit he sang out: "Good-bye, Brer Fox, take care of your clothes, for this is the way the old world goes; Some goes up and some goes down, you'll get to the bottom safe and sound." When Brer Rabbit got out, he galloped off and told the folks the well belonged to, that Brer Fox was down there muddying up the drinking water. Then he galloped back to the well and hollered down to old Brer Fox. "Here comes a man with a great big gun. When he pulls you up, you jump and run."

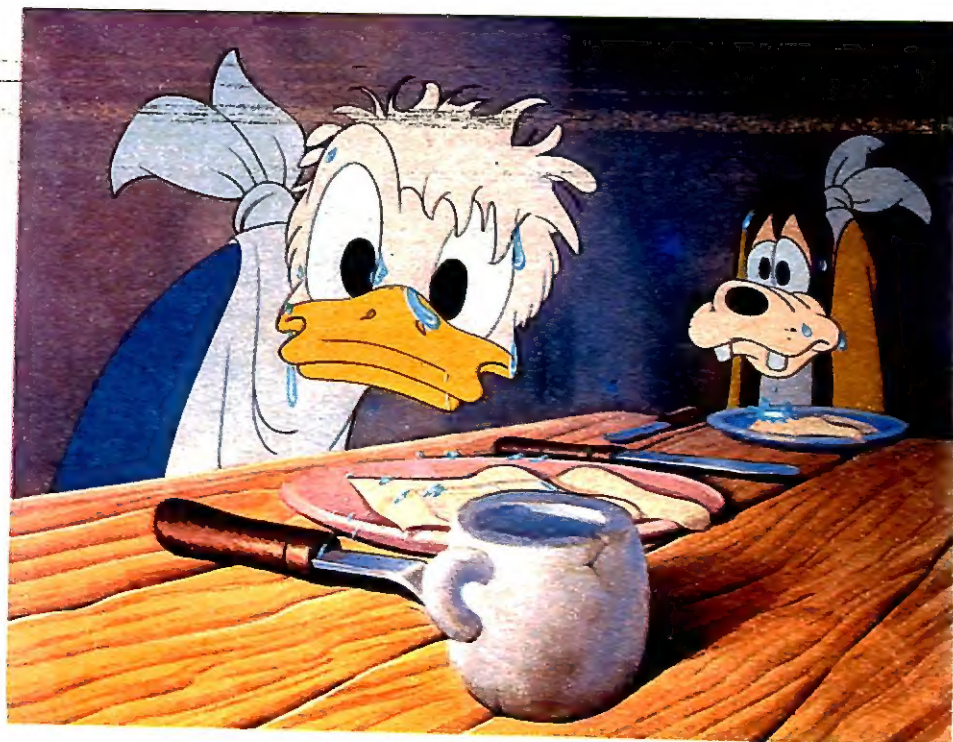
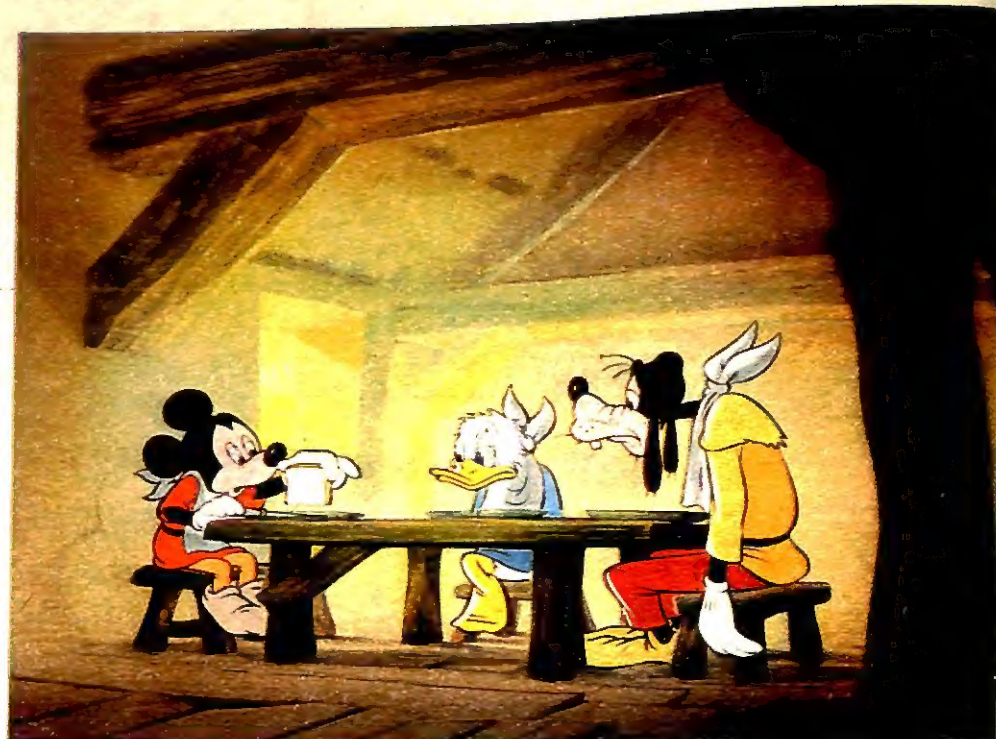


8. "What happened then, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy and Uncle Remus chuckled.

"In just about half-an-hour, Sonny, both of them were back at Briar Patch working like they had never heard of a well, 'cepting that every now and then Brer Rabbit would burst out laughing and old Brer Fox, he'd get a spell of the groans."



# MICKEY and the Beanstalk



**T**HERE was once upon a time, over the hills and far away, a most beautiful valley. It was surrounded by hills that were covered with flowers and a broad river of the palest blue flowed peacefully through it.

There were green trees, quiet roads and pleasant farms. Best of all, the whole valley was always filled with laughter so that throughout the whole land this enchanting spot was known as Happy Valley.

Now the secret of all this was a magic singing harp. It was the lilt of its songs, ringing out from a castle standing in the centre of the valley that cast the magic spell of happiness everywhere.

But one unhappy day a giant shadow fell over the castle and everyone wondered who or what was causing this great darkness. When the shadow lifted, alas, the magic harp was gone. Some mighty giant must have stolen it.

With it went all the happiness of the valley. The crops withered away. The trees died. The river dried up and disappeared. And the valley folk grew sadder and hungrier day by day.

In one little home in the valley lived three friends—Mickey, Donald and Goofy by name. Once they had been happy and well-to-do farmers with plenty of good food always on their table.

Now they were down to their last loaf of bread.

**2.** "If I cut very thin slices," said Mickey to his two faithful friends, "there is just enough bread left for six slices—that means two each for the three of us."

"Slices two, what shall I do?" sighed Goofy, who liked to speak poetry all the time. "In the street I'll beg for bacon and egg."

"Rubbish!" snorted Mickey, serving two very very thin slices of bread to each of his friends. "That's no use. Nobody else in the valley has anything to eat. There's not a rasher of bacon nor a single egg to be had anywhere."

Poor Goofy! Poor Donald! Huge tears ran down their cheeks and dripped down on to their bread.

"Alackaday, alackaday! Of hope for us there's not a ray," sighed Goofy. Donald took a bite of wet bread. He looked up rather sadly at Mickey.

"What about selling Buttercup?" he said.

"Buttercup? Our cow?" replied Mickey. "But we've had her for years and years."

"It's the only way, I'm sorry to say," agreed Goofy. "To market, to market to sell our old cow, our troubles are over, dear Mickey—and how!"

So off to market trudged Mickey with Buttercup the brown cow.

Goofy and Donald felt very happy now. In fact, Donald jumped on to Goofy's plate and they both raised their voices in song.

*"Food! Food! Beautiful food!  
We'll eat till we've filled both our tums!  
Grub! Grub! Lov-er-ly grub!  
We'll eat till we're stuffed to our gums!"*







3. Then Goofy and Donald rushed around, preparing for a great feast. They got out their biggest roasting pans and platters, salt, pepper and spices and they licked their lips. "How sweet, how sweet, again to eat!" laughed Goofy. "Oh dear, oh dear, how hungry I am for buns and butter and strawberry jam!"

Then back came Mickey from market. He threw open the door and held up a little box.

"Look!" said he. "I gave a dear old lady a ride to market on Buttercup's back and when we got there she said she was a fairy witch and she gave me this box of magic beans in exchange for Buttercup."

"Beans?" gasped Donald. "BEANS?"

"We've had our fun for we've 'bean' done," wept Goofy.

"But, chums," Mickey tried to explain, "these are *MAGIC* beans. If you plant them by the light of the full moon, you get—"

"More beans, you chump!" Donald roared for he had lost his temper completely. He tore the box of beans out of Mickey's hand and he hurled them to the floor. They, each and everyone, rolled through a gap between two floorboards and disappeared.

"I feel ready to wail and weep, I think I'll go to bed and sleep," sighed Goofy.

"*Superless!*" raged Donald. "And I'm *starving!*"

"I'm sorry," muttered Mickey sadly. "I'm hungry, too!"

Goofy looked at him and sighed "At least when in your bed you lie, *you* can eat some humble pie," he moaned.

4. The three friends trailed upstairs miserably and hungrily to bed. Little did Mickey, Donald and Goofy dream of the amazing events that were to befall them that night for it was *the night of the full moon*.

As the three friends slept and just when everything looked darkest, in through the window downstairs came a ray of light. It was moonlight—the magical light of a full moon! And that silvery beam shone through the gap in the floorboards where the magic beans had fallen.

Then something truly wonderful happened and it was just as the fairy witch had promised Mickey.

Under the spell of the moonlight those magic beans sprouted and grew. First up between the floorboards curled a slender sprout. But it did not stop there. Higher and higher it climbed, while the three friends slept on.

Thicker and stronger and taller grew the magic beanstalk until it began to lift that little house up from the ground, up, up, high above the valley that had once been so happy, up, up, *UP* to a magic land above the clouds.

So it happened that when morning dawned and Mickey, Donald and Goofy awoke, they looked out, not upon the dismal dried-up valley, but upon a strange and enchanted country.

In the distance gleamed a great castle.

"Hey, chums, see what I spy with my little eye, a great big castle in the sky," gasped Goofy.



5. "Wonder of wonders!" laughed Donald. "Maybe there's food there! Food, food, glorious food! I can taste it already. Let's go! Let's go!"

Quicker than quick, they threw on their clothes and scrambled out of their little house and began to walk towards the huge castle.

It was farther away than it looked. They walked and walked through a giant land. Giant ferns and mighty flowers towered above their heads. Huge butterflies and birds flew through the trees.

There were giant footprints, too, but the three friends did not stop to worry about those. They were too hungry—*far* too hungry.

Then they all sniffed—and what they sniffed was *RASPBERRY PIE*—lovely mouth-watering juicy *RASPBERRY PIE*!

"That's for me—hi diddly dee!" laughed Goofy. "Don't let's wait, we might be late!" And he took to his heels and started to run towards the castle.

"Late for what?" asked Mickey, looking at Donald.

"Why, all that beautiful raspberry pie, of course," sang out Donald and like Goofy, he too started to run.

Mickey chuckled.

"Oh well, I suppose I'll have to follow them," said he. But little did he guess that his friends were leading him into the greatest adventure of his life.

Next week Mickey, Donald and Goofy meet Willie the Giant.



# Animals

## of our wonderful world

Of course, you all know Bambi, the lovable little red deer, don't you? Walt Disney made a very exciting cartoon film about his adventures. But what do *you* know of the ways of the red deer in the wild?

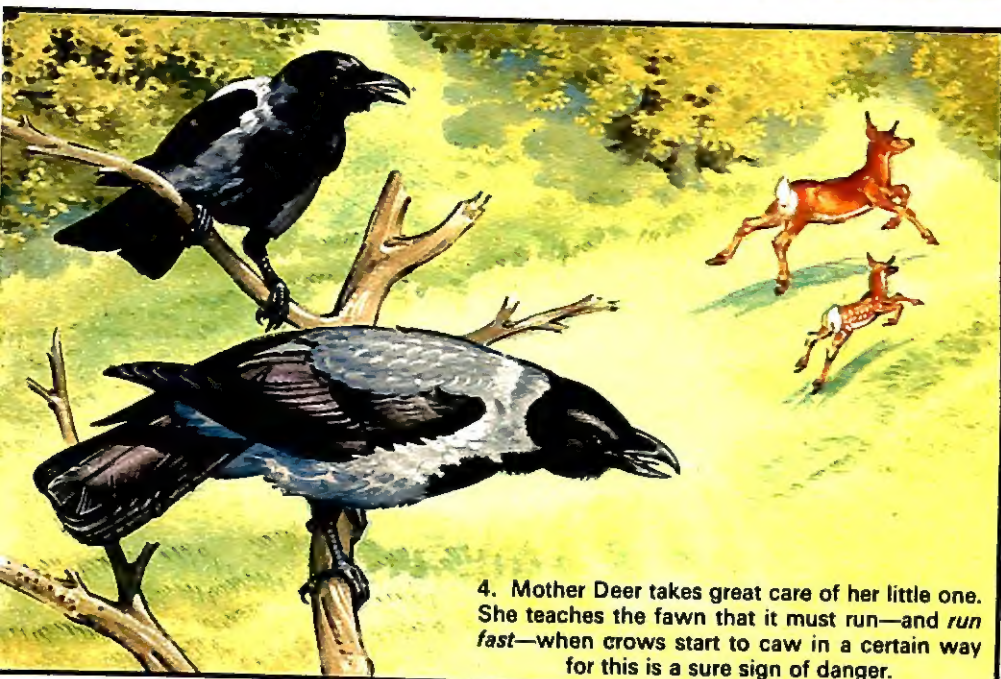


1. For instance, here is a very young red deer. Can you say what it is called? It is known as a *fawn*.

2. Do you see those white spots on its body? Well, when it lies down, those spots look just like patches of sunshine. This makes it difficult for an enemy to see the little fellow.



3. Here is a fawn with its mother. What a lovely picture they make. A female deer is called a doe (or a hind).



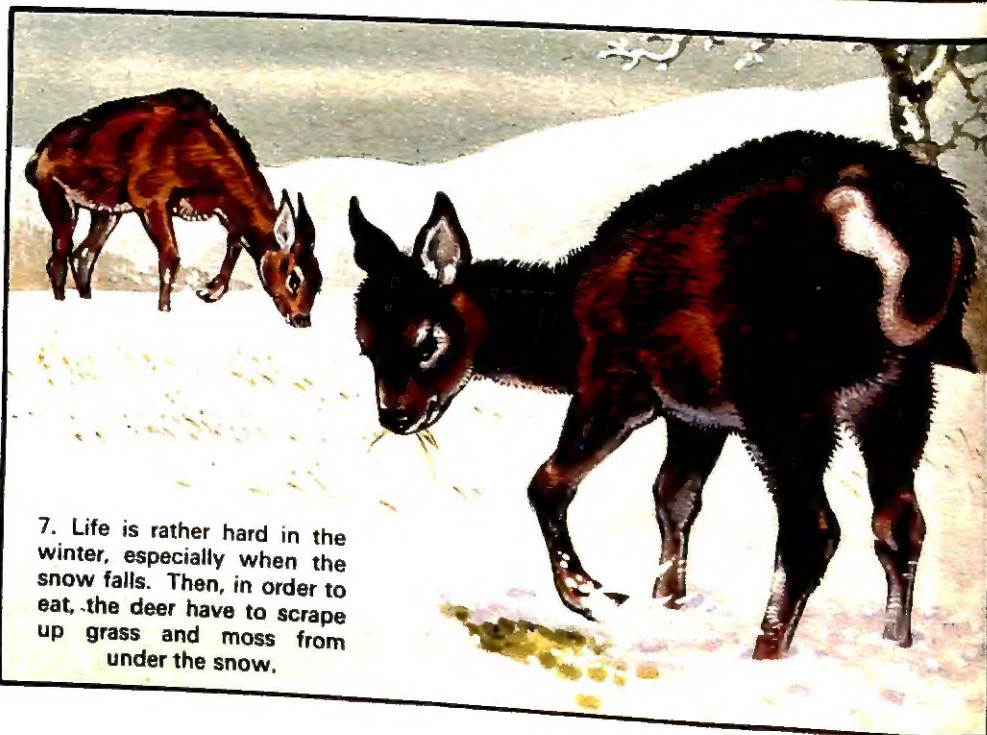
4. Mother Deer takes great care of her little one. She teaches the fawn that it must run—and *run fast*—when crows start to caw in a certain way for this is a sure sign of danger.



5. Deer eat leaves and grass. They like water plants, too, and mothers teach their fawns when searching for such plants, it is always safe to go down to the forest pools at night.



6. As winter draws near, something quite strange happens to fawns. Their white spots disappear and they grow new coats.



7. Life is rather hard in the winter, especially when the snow falls. Then, in order to eat, the deer have to scrape up grass and moss from under the snow.



# This week: The Red Deer

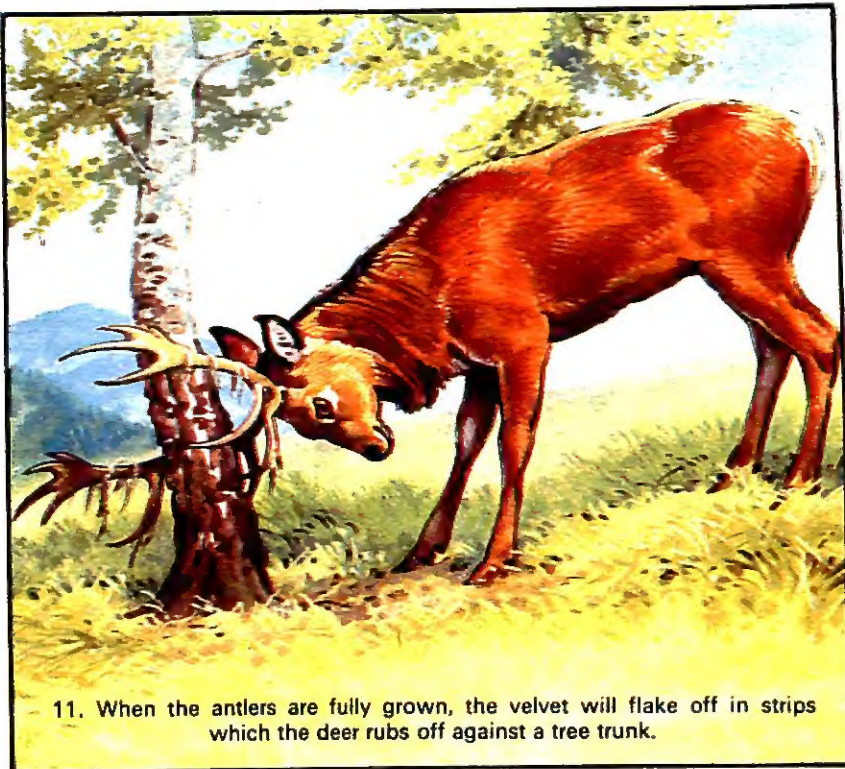


8. When a male fawn grows up it is called a buck (or a stag). By then it will be growing a new coat twice a year, in spring and in autumn.

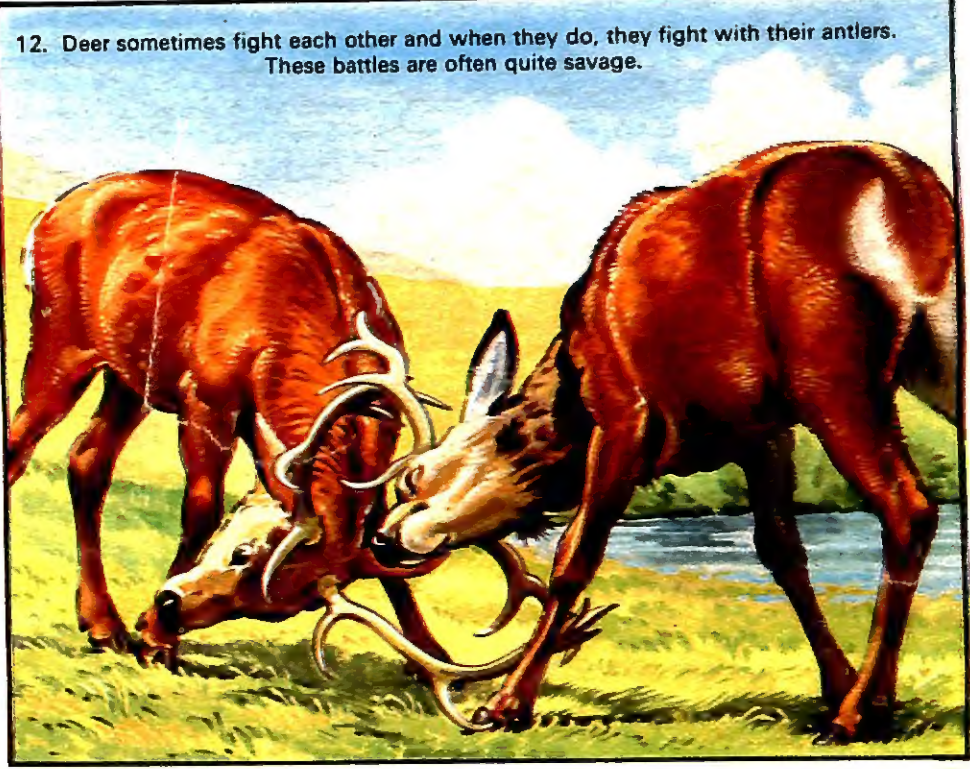
9. Every stag has a big pair of horns, called antlers. And, would you believe it—a new pair is grown every year! They start growing in early April.



10. A stag's antlers take from ten to sixteen weeks to grow to their full size. During this time they will be protected by a skin called "the velvet."



11. When the antlers are fully grown, the velvet will flake off in strips which the deer rubs off against a tree trunk.



12. Deer sometimes fight each other and when they do, they fight with their antlers. These battles are often quite savage.



13. When winter comes again, the antlers drop off, and the stags are now without antlers until the next spring. If they quarrel now, they have no antlers to fight with and so winter is a peaceful time for the red deer.

Next week: The story of the elephant, the biggest of all the animals.



# WINNIE- THE- POOH and some BEES



by A. A. MILNE

from the book "Winnie-the-Pooh" published by Methuen's Children's Books Ltd.  
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HERE is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now, bump, bump, bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin. It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels that there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it. And then he feels that perhaps there isn't. Anyhow, here he is at the bottom, and ready to be introduced to you. Winnie-the-Pooh.

When I first heard his name, I said, just as you are going to say, "But I thought he was a boy?"

"So did I," said Christopher Robin.

"Then you can't call him Winnie?"

"I don't."

"But you said—"

"He's Winnie-ther-Pooh. Don't you know what 'ther' means?"

"Ah, yes, now I do," I said quickly; and I hope you do too, because it is all the explanation you are going to get.

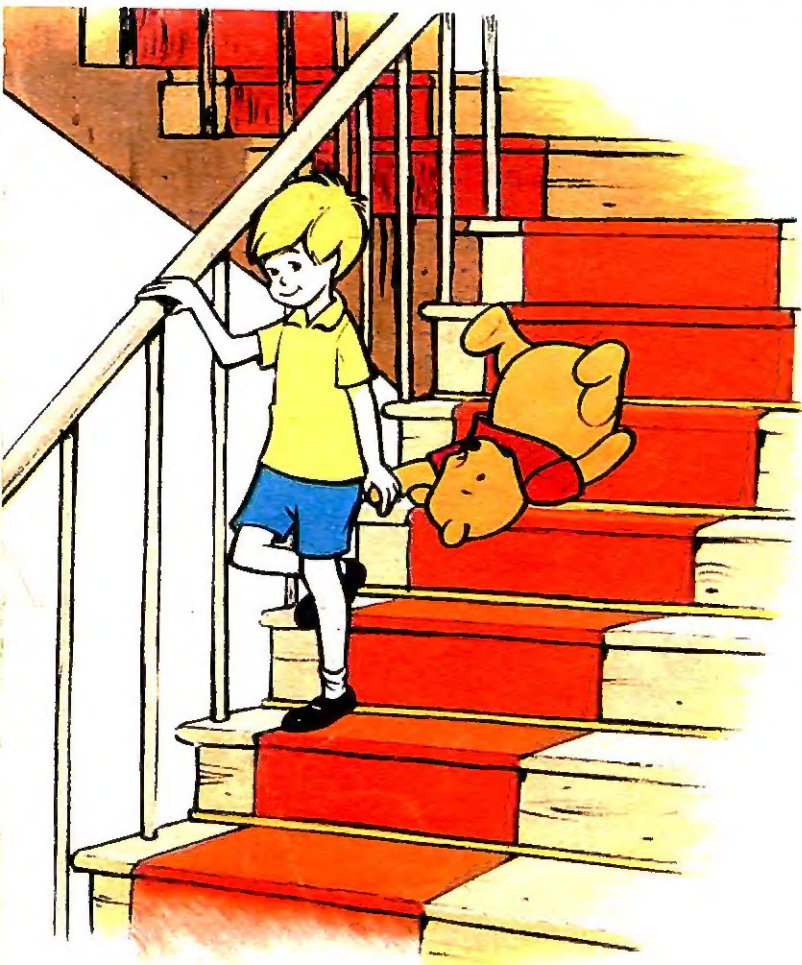
Sometimes Winnie-the-Pooh likes a game of some sort when he comes downstairs, and sometimes he likes to sit quietly in front of the fire and listen to a story. This evening—

"What about a story?" said Christopher Robin.

"What about a story?" I said.

"Could you very sweetly tell Winnie-the-Pooh one?"

"I suppose I could," I said. "What sort of stories does he like?"



"About himself. Because he's *that* sort of Bear."

"Oh, I see."

"So could you very sweetly?"

"I'll try," I said.

So I tried.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once upon a time, a very long time ago now, about last Friday, Winnie-the-Pooh lived in a forest all by himself under the name of Sanders.

("What does 'under the name' mean?" asked Christopher Robin.

"It means he had the name over the door in gold letters and lived under it."

"Winnie-the-Pooh wasn't quite sure," said Christopher Robin.

"Now I am," said a growly voice.

"Then I will go on," said I.)

One day when he was out walking, he came to an open place in the middle of the forest, and in the middle of this place was a large oak-tree, and, from the top of the tree, there came a loud buzzing noise.

Winnie-the-Pooh sat down at the foot of the tree, put his head between his paws, and began to think.

First of all he said to himself: "That buzzing-noise means something. You don't get a buzzing-noise like that, just buzzing and buzzing, without its meaning something. If there's a buzzing-noise, somebody's making a buzzing noise, and the only reason for making a buzzing-noise that I know of is because you're a bee."

Then he thought another long time, and said: "And the only reason for being a bee that I know of is making honey."

And then he got up, and said: "And the only reason for making honey is so as I can eat it." So he began to climb the tree.



He  
climbed  
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climbed  
and  
he  
climbed,  
and  
as  
he  
climbed  
he  
sang  
a  
little  
song  
to  
himself.  
It  
went  
like  
this:



Isn't it funny  
How a bear likes honey?  
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!  
I wonder why he does?

Then he climbed a little farther . . . and a little farther . . . and then just a little farther. By that time he had thought of another song.

It's a very funny thought that, if Bears were Bees.  
They'd build their nests at the *bottom* of trees.  
And that being so (if the Bees were Bears),  
We shouldn't have to climb up all these stairs.

He was getting rather tired by this time, so that is why he sang a Complaining Song. He was nearly there now, and if he just stood on that branch . . .

*Crack!*

"Oh, help!" said Pooh, as he dropped ten feet on the branch below him.

"If only I hadn't—" he said, as he bounced twenty feet on to the next branch.

"You see, what I *meant* to do," he explained, as he turned head-over-heels, and crashed on to another branch thirty feet below, "what I *meant* to do—"

"Of course, it *was* rather—" he admitted, as he slithered very quickly through the next six branches.

house of your friend Piglet, and you had balloons at the party. You had had a big green balloon; and one of Rabbit's relations had had a big blue one, and had left it behind, being really too young to go to a party at all; and so you had brought the green one *and* the blue one home with you.

"Which one would you like?" you asked Pooh.

He put his head between his paws and thought very carefully.

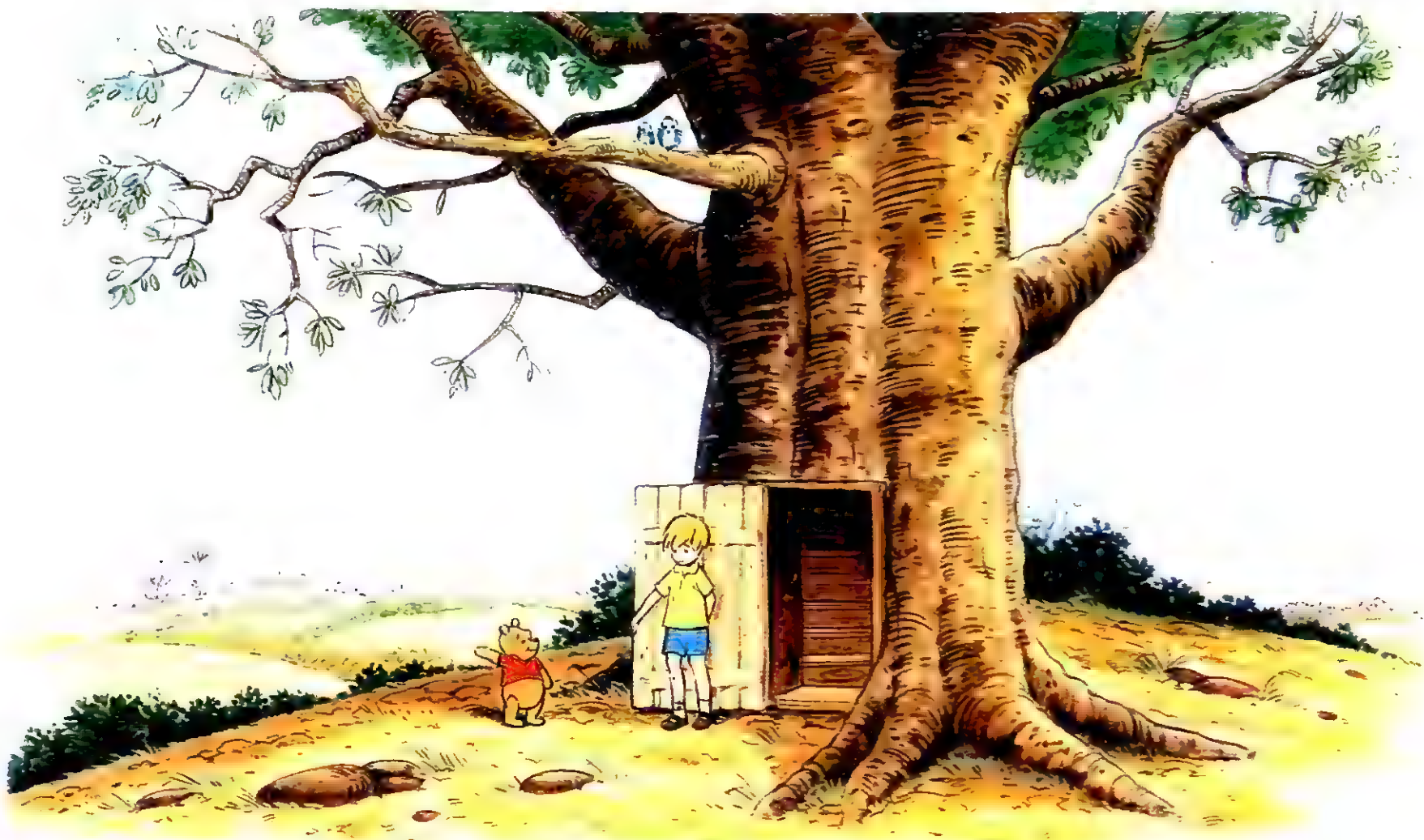
"It's like this," he said. "When you go after honey with a balloon, the great thing is not to let the bees know you're coming. Now, if you have a green balloon, they might think you were only part of the tree, and not notice you, and if you have a blue balloon, they might think you were only part of the sky, and not notice you, and the question is: Which is most likely?"

"Wouldn't they notice you underneath the balloon?" you asked.

"They might or they might not," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "You never can tell with bees." He thought for a moment and said: "I shall try to look like a small black cloud. That will deceive them."

"Then you had better have the blue balloon," you said; and so it was decided.

Well, you both went out with the blue balloon, and you took your gun with you, just in case, as you always did, and Winnie-the-Pooh went to a



"It all comes, I suppose," he decided, as he said good-bye to the last branch, spun round three times, and flew gracefully into a gorse-bush, "it all comes of *liking* honey so much. Oh, help!"

He crawled out of the gorse-bush, brushed the prickles from his nose, and began to think again. And the first person he thought of was Christopher Robin.

"*'Was that me?'*" said Christopher Robin in an awed voice, hardly daring to believe it.

"*That was you.*"

Christopher Robin said nothing, but his eyes got larger and larger, and his face got pinker and pinker.)

So Winnie-the-Pooh went round to his friend Christopher Robin, who lived behind a green door in another part of the Forest.

"Good morning, Christopher Robin," he said.

"Good morning, Winnie-the-Pooh," said you.

"I wonder if you've got such a thing as a balloon about you?"

"A balloon?"

"Yes, I just said to myself coming along: 'I wonder if Christopher Robin has such a thing as a balloon about him?' I just said it to myself, thinking of balloons and wondering."

"What do you want a balloon for?" you said.

Winnie-the-Pooh looked round to see that nobody was listening, put his paw to his mouth, and said in a deep whisper: "*Honey!*"

"But you don't get honey with balloons!"

"I do," said Pooh.

Well, it just happened that you had been to a party the day before at the

very muddy place that he knew of, and rolled and rolled until he was black all over; and then, when the balloon was blown up as big as big, and you and Pooh were both holding on to the string, you let go suddenly, and Pooh Bear floated gracefully up into the sky, and stayed there—level with the top of the tree and about twenty feet away from it.

"Hooray!" you shouted.

"Isn't that fine?" shouted Winnie-the-Pooh down to you. "What do I look like?"

"You look like a Bear holding on to a balloon," you said.

"Not," said Pooh anxiously, "—not like a small black cloud in a blue sky?"

"Not very much."

"Ah, well, perhaps from up here it looks different. And, as I say, you never can tell with bees."

There was no wind to blow him nearer to the tree so there he stayed. He could see the honey, he could smell the honey, but he couldn't quite reach the honey.

After a little while he called down to you.

"Christopher Robin!" he said in a loud whisper.

"Hallo!"

"I think the bees *suspect* something!"

"What sort of thing?"

"I don't know. But something tells me that they're *suspicious!*"

"Perhaps they think that you're after their honey?"

"It may be that. You never can tell with bees."

There was another little silence, and then he called down to you again.

"Christopher Robin!"



"Yes?"

"Have you an umbrella in your house?"

"I think so."

"I wish you would bring it out here, and walk up and down with it, and look up at me every now and then, and say 'Tut-Tut, it looks like rain.' I think, if you did that, it would help the deception which we are practising on these bees."

Well, you laughed to yourself, "Silly old Bear!" but you didn't say it aloud because you were so fond of him, and you went home for your umbrella.

"Oh, there you are!" called down Winnie-the-Pooh, as soon as you got back to the tree. "I was beginning to get anxious. I have discovered that the bees are now definitely Suspicious."

"Shall I put my umbrella up?" you said.

"Yes, but wait a moment. We must be practical. The important bee to deceive is the Queen Bee. Can you see which is the Queen Bee from down there?"

"No."

"A pity. Well, now, if you walk up and down with your umbrella, saying, 'Tut-Tut, it looks like rain,' I shall do what I can by singing a little Cloud Song, such as a cloud might sing . . . Go!"

So, while you walked up and down and wondered if it would rain, Winnie-the-Pooh sang this song:



How sweet to be a Cloud  
Floating in the Blue!  
Every little cloud  
Always sing aloud.

The bees were still buzzing as suspiciously as ever. Some of them, indeed, left their nests and flew all round the cloud as it began the second verse of this song, and one bee sat down on the nose of the cloud for a moment, and then got up again. "Christopher—ow!—Robin," called out the cloud. "I have just been thinking, and I have come to a very important decision. *These are the wrong sort of bees.*"

"Are they?"

"Quite the wrong sort. So I should think they would make the wrong sort of honey, shouldn't you?"

"Would they?"

"Yes. So I think I shall come down."

"How?" asked you.

Winnie-the-Pooh hadn't thought about this. If he let go of the string, he would fall—*bump*—and he didn't like the idea of that. So he thought for a long time, and then he said: "Christopher Robin, you must shoot the balloon with your gun. Have you got your gun?"

"Of course I have," you said. "But if I do that, it will spoil the balloon."

"If you *don't*," said Pooh, "I shall have to let go, and that would spoil me."

When he put it like this, you saw how it was, and you aimed very carefully at the balloon, and fired.

"Ow!" said Pooh.

"How sweet to be a Cloud  
Floating in the Blue!"  
It makes him very proud  
To be a little cloud.



"Did I miss?" you asked.

"You didn't exactly miss," said Pooh, "But you missed the balloon."

"I'm so sorry," you said, and you fired again, and this time you hit the balloon, and the air came slowly out, and Winnie-the-Pooh floated down to the ground. But his arms were so stiff from holding on to the string of the balloon all the time that they stayed up straight in the air for more than a week, and whenever a fly came and settled on his nose he had to blow it off. And I think—but I am not sure—that *that* is why he was always called Pooh.

"Is that the end of the story?" asked Christopher Robin.

"That's the end of that one. There are others."

"About Pooh and Me?"

"And Piglet and Rabbit and all of you. Don't you remember?"

"I do remember, and then when I try to remember, I forget."

"That day when Pooh and Piglet tried to catch the Heffalump—"

"They didn't catch it, did they? Pooh couldn't, because he hasn't any brain. Did I catch it?"

"No . . . Well, that comes into the story."

Christopher Robin nodded. "I do remember," he said, "only Pooh doesn't very well, so that's why he likes having it told to him again. Because then it's a real story and not just a remembering."

"That's just how I feel," I said.

Christopher Robin gave a deep sigh, picked his Bear up by the leg, and walked off to the door, trailing Pooh behind him. At the door he turned and said, "Coming to see me have my bath?"

"I might," I said.

"I didn't hurt him when I shot him, did I?"

"Not a bit."

He nodded and went out, and in a moment I heard Winnie-the-Pooh—*bump, bump, bump*—going up the stairs behind him.





# All eyes on Shere Khan

The land of India is a long long way from this country. In fact, if you were to sit down and count on your fingers the number of miles one by one, it would be past bed-time before you had finished. It is a land of great cities, tiny villages and tangled jungles where live wild animals of all kinds.



1. This story takes place in one of those jungles, the jungle home of the little boy Mowgli, his young friend Sari and all Mowgli's animal friends—Baloo the jolly bear, Bagheera the panther, Kaa the snake, Colonel Hathi the big elephant and his baby son, King Louie the Gorilla King and his monkey fan-bearer, Flaps the ugly bird with yellow hair and red-nose, and his three pals—and last but by no means least, Shere Khan the great tiger. Now, upon a certain day everybody felt very uneasy and had their eyes on Shere Khan for it was clear that that mighty beast had something on his mind. Yes, he was really worried and when Shere Khan was worried, it was time for everybody else to start worrying, too. You see, there was only one thing that ever bothered Shere Khan and that was where his next meal was coming from. And that was what bothered everybody.



2. So today everybody was watching Shere Khan because he just could not hide the greedy look in his eyes. Nobody was safe, least of all young Mowgli. Suddenly Kaa shouted: "I can hear footsteps—human footsteps! MEN! HUNTERS WITH GUNS! Everyone run—QUICK!" And everyone ran—everyone, that is, except Shere Khan who blinked a lazy eye and glared at Kaa as the slippery snake wound his way down a tree-trunk. As Kaa reached the foot of the tree, the tiger put out a huge paw and pinned the cunning snake to the ground. Kaa's eyes nearly bolted out of his head. "And where are you going to, my pretty snake?" asked Shere Khan. Kaa gulped and then he gulped again—and again—and again. He kept on gulping because he was finding it very difficult to breathe. At last he gasped: "I th-thought I'd jussst sssslink down to the river for a c-c-cool sssswim!"



3. Shere Khan grinned and gripped Kaa firmly by his slippery neck. "I've got a much better idea, old man," said the tiger. "How about you making a meal for me?" Kaa tried to smile. "Sus-sus-certainly," he replied. "What had you in mind?" "A sssilly ssssnake!" grinned Shere Khan, imitating Kaa's lisping speech. "You've just done me out of my lunch, haven't you? I was fancying Mowgli but although you knew there was no-one coming, you shouted 'MEN! HUNTERS WITH GUNS!' didn't you, because you hoped I'd run away like all the others and you and your chummy chums would be rid of me for the day." "Dud-dud-dud I?" asked Kaa. "Oh yes, indeed you did," purred Shere Khan silkily. "And now I'm going to get rid of you—into my tummy!" A large tear rolled down Kaa's cheeks. "W-w-will you give me time to ssssay gug-good-bye to mother?" he asked. Shere Khan shook his head. "Not a chance," said he and he opened his jaws wide.

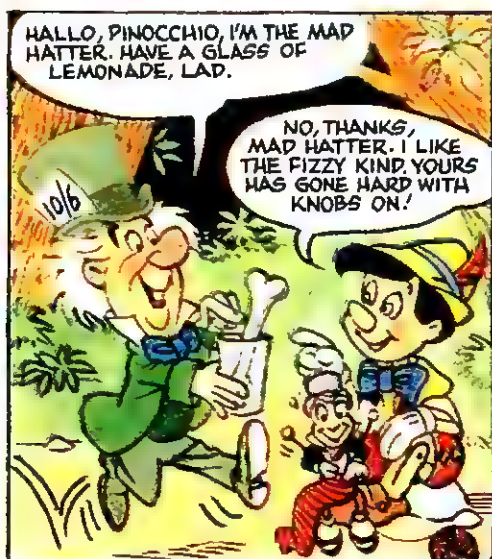


4. It was then that Flaps the red-nosed bird, who rather liked Kaa, flew down and taking hold of Shere Khan's whiskers in his beak, pulled *hard*! "Stupid Shere Khan!" he squawked. "Have you ever tasted snake before? You haven't? Well take it from me it's terrible—awful! It tastes worse than mud, worse than rotten eggs, worse than dish-water, worse than last year's Christmas pie, worse than—" "STOP!" shouted Shere Khan. "Nothing—but *nothing*—can taste worse than last year's Christmas pie," and releasing Kaa, he stalked away angrily. Kaa looked silently at Flaps. "Well, say something even if it's only 'Thanks'," squawked Flaps. But Kaa was weeping buckets of tears. "I think I'd rather have been eaten by Shere Khan," he sighed, "than to learn that I taste worssse than lassst year'ssss Chrissstmas pie." "Well, I'll be plucked!" snorted Flaps. "No matter how much you help some people, you never get any thanks." And he flew away to sulk all day.





# THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF PINOCCHIO



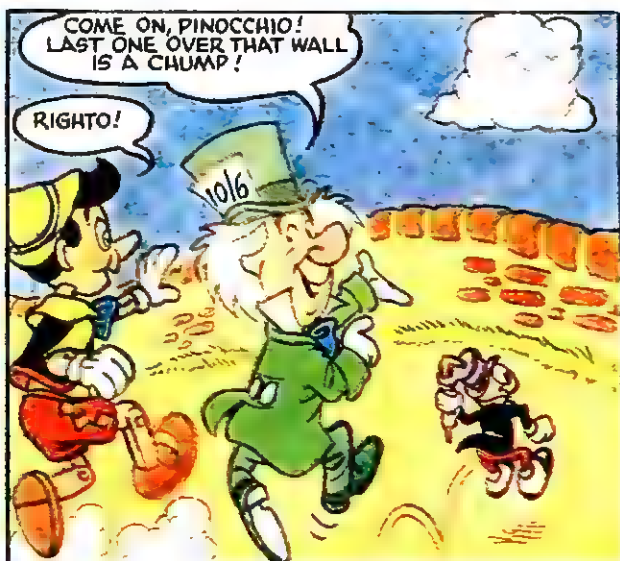
1. Pinocchio thought he'd have a think  
When someone said "Hey! Have a drink!"  
And when he looked to see, he saw,  
A chap he'd never seen before.



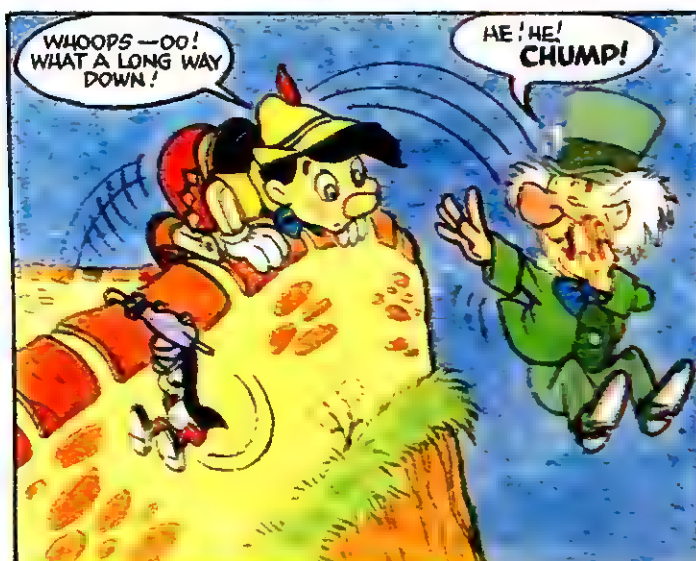
2. This chappy asked if he would like  
To join him in a little hike,  
For if—he said—lad took his hand,  
He'd take him off to Wonderland.



3. Pino thought he'd lost his wits  
When he saw a car in bits  
Which several tiny rabbits brown,  
Were just about to drive to town.



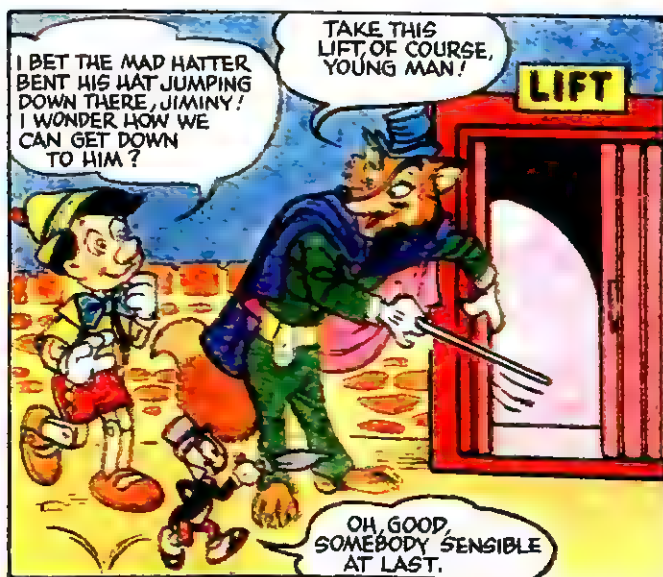
4. Then as the rabbits drove away,  
The Hatter laughed "Oh, happy day!"  
Then said: "A wall—come on—let's jump!  
The latest jumper is a chump."



5. Mad Hatter jumped—but not the lad!  
He'd seen what lay ahead, he had—  
Beyond that wall, there was about  
Two hundred feet of simply nowt!



6. Over the edge leaped Hatter Mad  
And left behind our wooden lad.  
Was Hatter hurt? No, not at all,  
He bounced about like rubber ball.



7. Pinocchio then thought a thought  
"I ought to follow him, I ought—  
I'll take this lift and see if he  
Is same as he once used to be!"

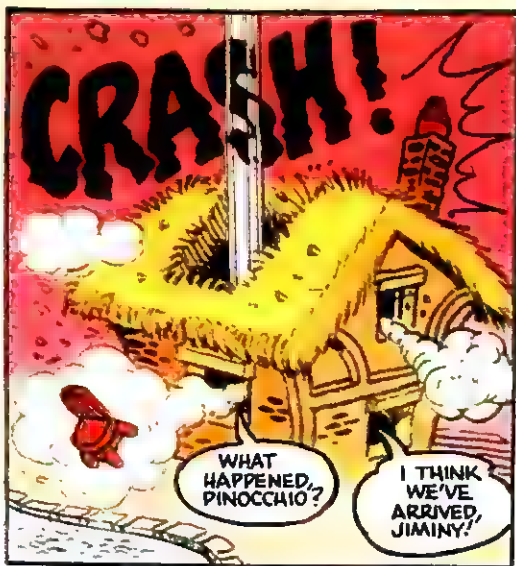


8. He and Jiminy entered lift  
They thought they'd go down safe and swift.  
But no such luck was his that day  
The lift went down the easy way.



9. Before our lad had time to think  
Foulfellow pushed lift over brink,  
And down it went until it hit  
A house which got bent quite a bit.





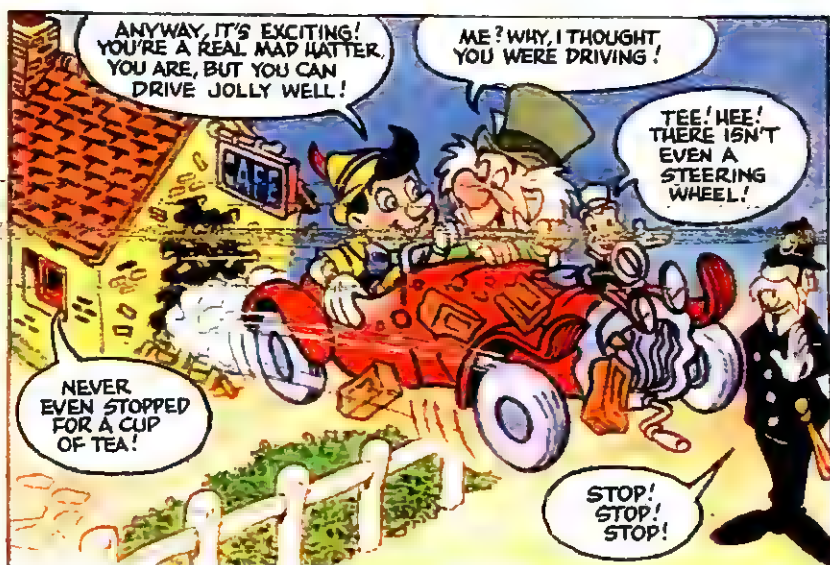
10. Right through the roof, they made a door  
And then with CRASH! they hit the floor.  
It was the Hatter's house, you see,  
So no-one cared! Tee-hee! Tee-hee!



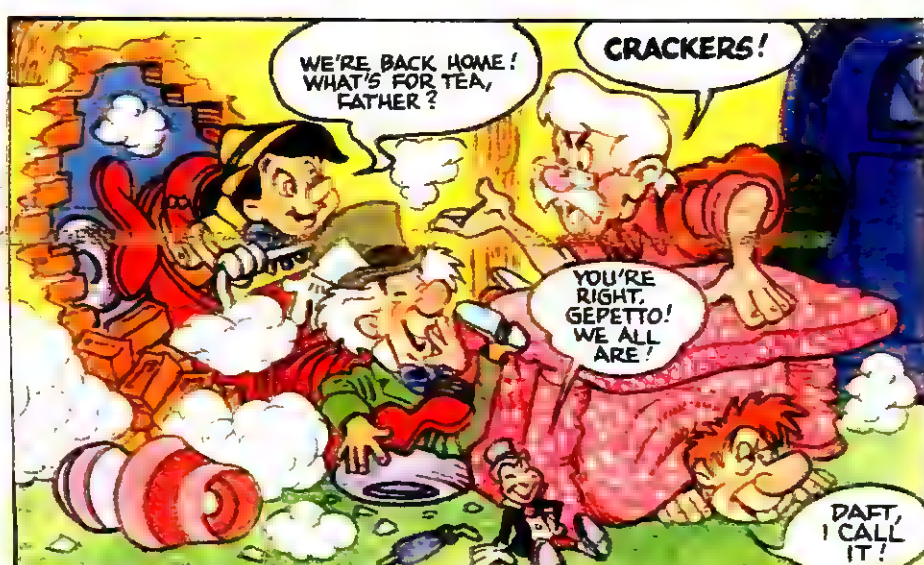
11. Pinocchio, now dazed and dizzy  
Felt also quite a trifle tizzy,  
Especially when Hatter Mad  
Came dashing up to little lad.



12. Cried he: "Now that you've come so far—  
I'll take you riding in my car!"  
So off they shot at speedy pace  
While Pino covered up his face.



13. They didn't stop for anything  
And as they had no bell to ring  
They hit all sorts of things and stuff  
In fact, the trip was rather rough.



14. At home Gepetto and his friend  
Were thrown about the room no end,  
When chums dropped in, as you can see,  
To learn that "Crackers" were for tea!

## ROBIN HOOD'S RIDDLES

Hallo,

I'm Robin Hood. You know all about me, don't you? Well, perhaps you will be surprised to learn that I know something about you, too. You like riddles, don't you? And so do I. Here are some of my favourite riddles that I thought you would like to hear so get ready to laugh.

When will water stop running down hill?

When it gets to the bottom.

Which is the favourite land of small children?

Why, Disneyland, of course.

What ant is the youngest?

Inf-ant.

When are you like a bear?

When you're bare-footed.

Why do we all have to go to bed?

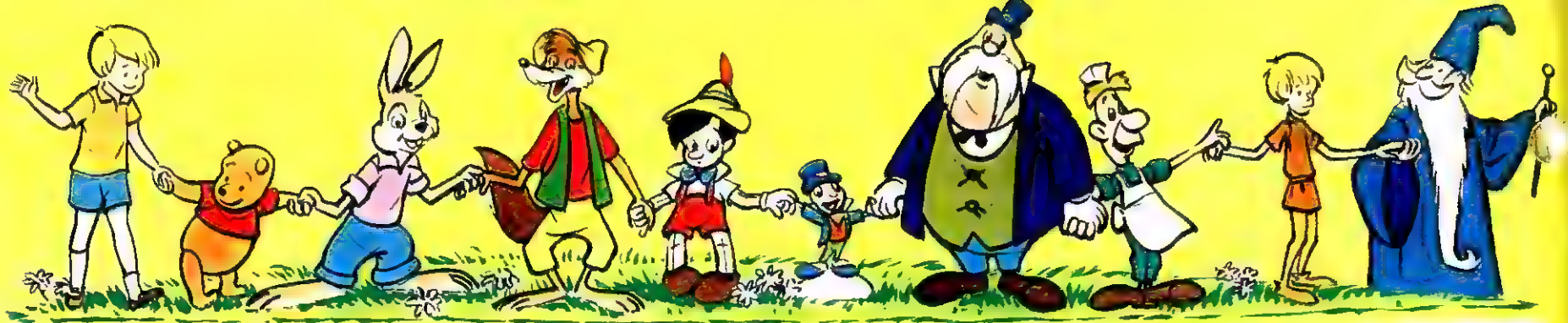
Because the bed will not come to us.

I hope they made you laugh. Next week my friend Maid Marian will be here with some more jolly riddles for you. I do hope you like our new paper.

Good-bye for now and keep smiling.

Your friend,  
Robin Hood.





# Greetings from THE WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY -and news of more exciting GIFTS for you next week

We are all sure you will like the lovely aeroplane mobile which is given with this, this very first issue of "The Wonderful World of Disney." In the next two issues, there will be more Disney folk to complete this exciting gift. For instance, next week you will receive Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Practical Pig and Sir Hiss, and you can see their pictures below. There will also be the propeller for the aeroplane.

To put your aeroplane mobile together, first press the six pieces out of the card very

gently. Next clear all the punched holes in the wings, fuselage and hanging hook. Now assemble the aeroplane by pushing the wings through the slits in the fuselage, keeping them in position by bending down the two tabs on each wing. Thread a long piece of cotton through the hole in the hanging hook and tie the ends in the holes on the windshield in front of Mickey Mouse and the hole behind Donald Duck in the rudder.

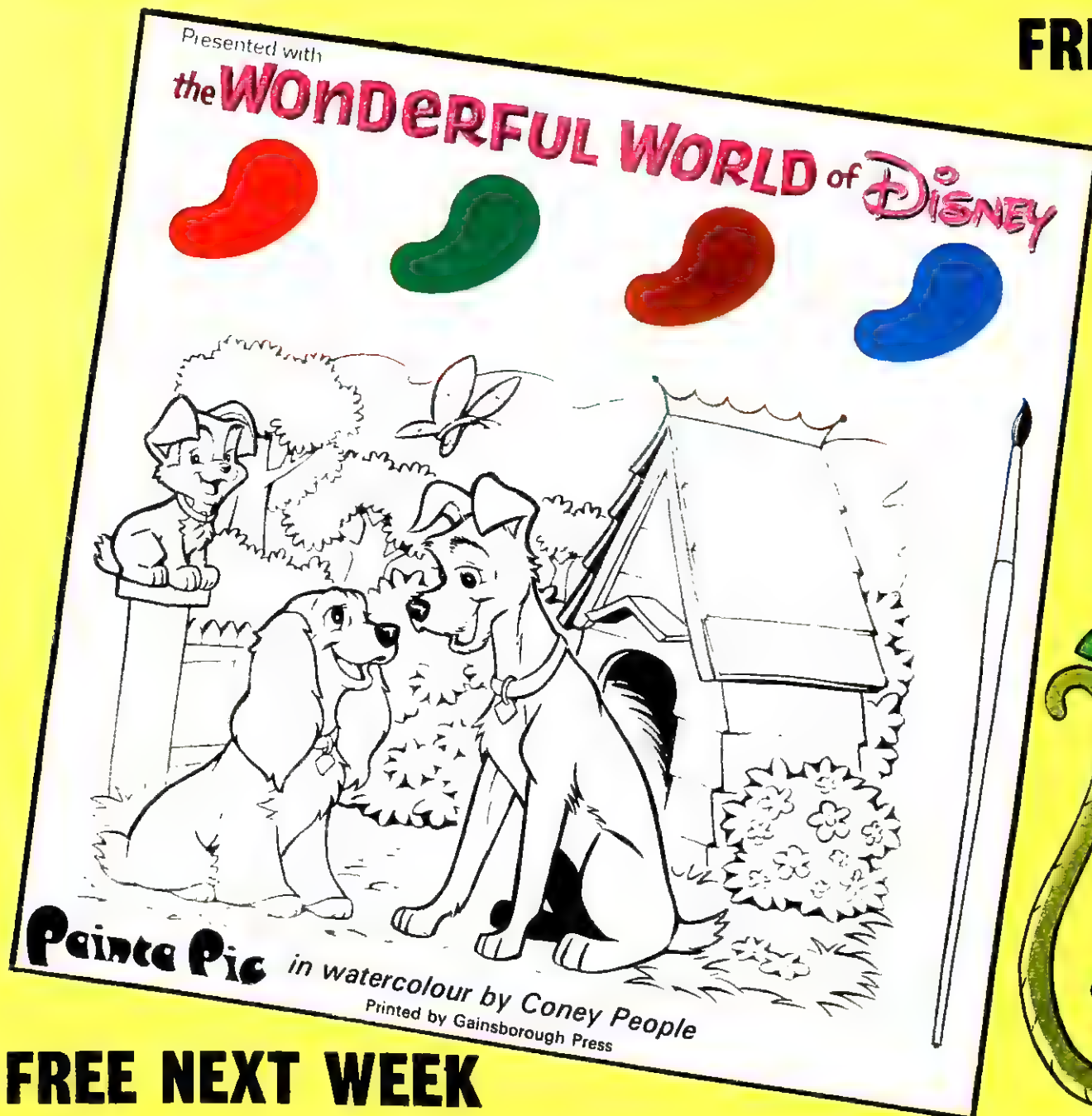
Now your mobile is ready. Hang Winnie the Pooh and Shere Khan from the wing-tips.

And now ANOTHER gift! Next week you will also receive a FREE paint and paint-brush set like the one shown on this page. You will have lots of fun with it.

SO DON'T FORGET! NEXT WEEK YOU RECEIVE A FREE PAINT AND PAINT-BRUSH SET, THE PROPELLER FOR YOUR AEROPLANE MOBILE AND FOUR MORE FIGURES TO HANG ON THE MOBILE.

Don't forget to join us all again in "The Wonderful World of Disney" next week. We'll be waiting—with more chuckles and thrills.

## FREE NEXT WEEK



## FREE NEXT WEEK





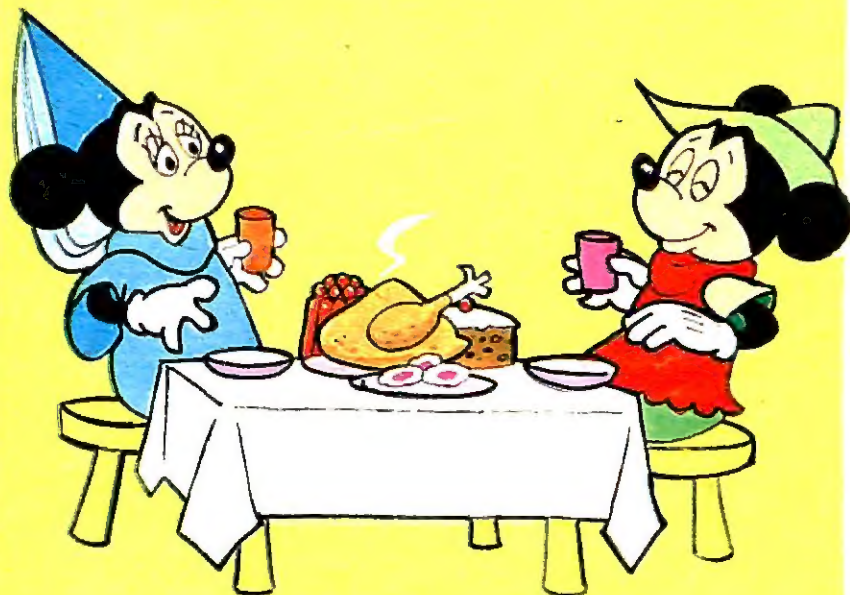


# NURSERY RHYMES

## OLD and NEW



As I was going to Banbury Fair,  
Upon a summer's day,  
My dame had butter, eggs and fruit,  
And I had corn and hay.  
Joe drove the ox, Tom took the geese,  
Dick led the foal and mare;  
I sold them all, then hurried home  
From famous Banbury Fair.

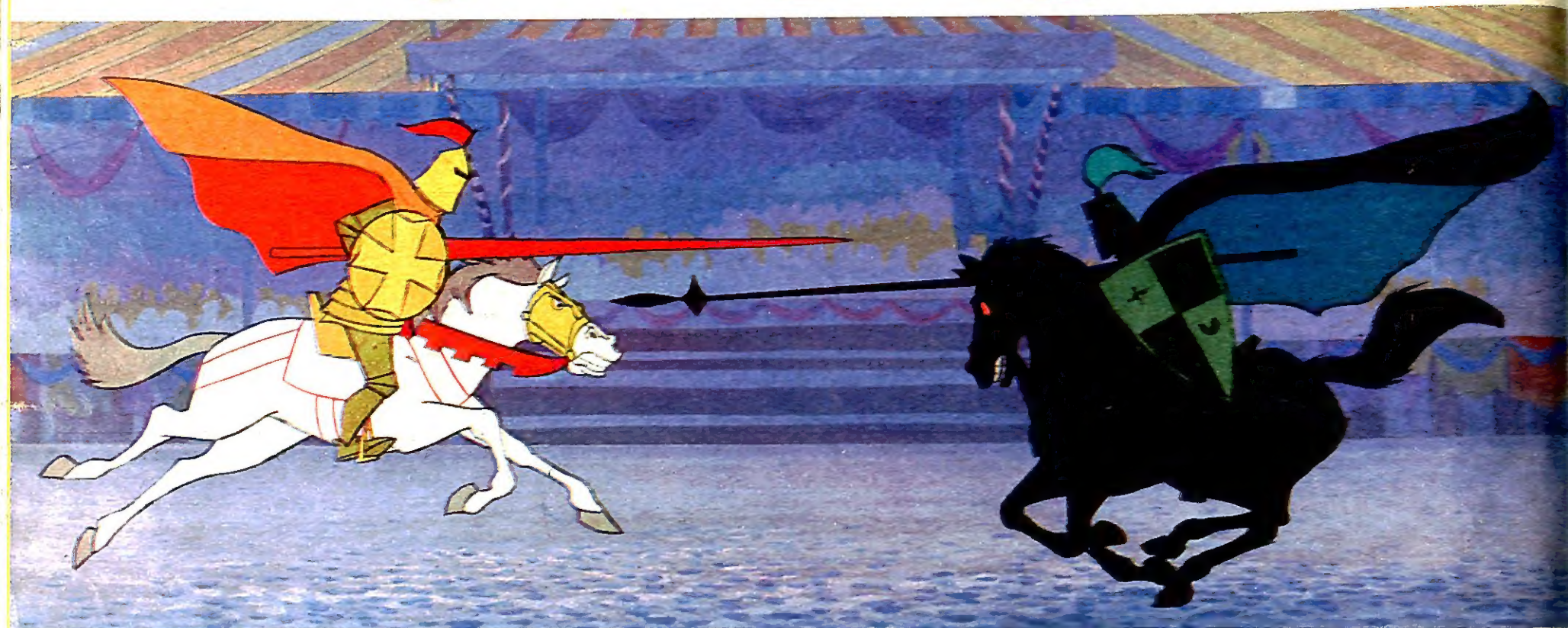
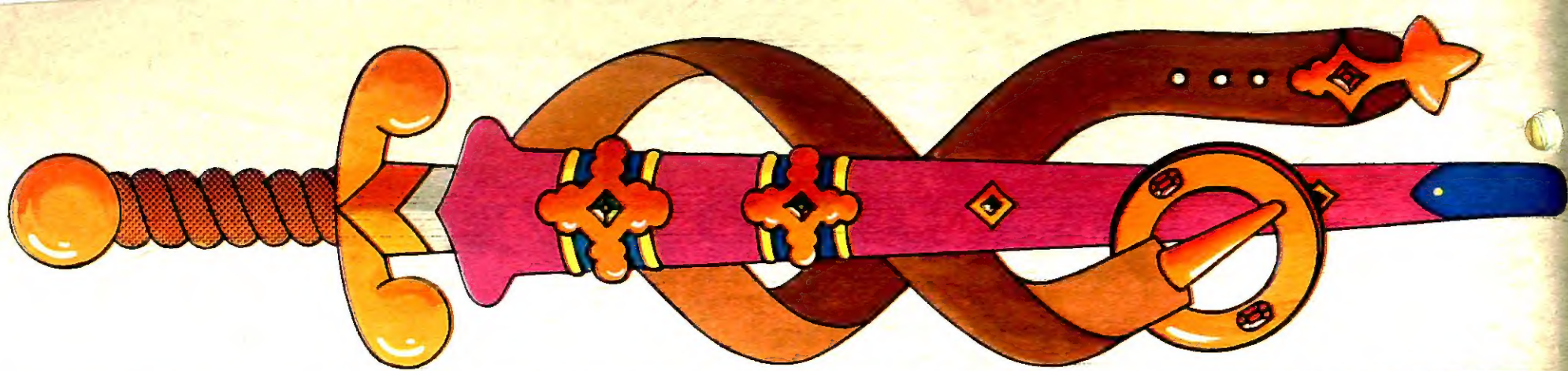


'Twas Mistress Fox's birthday,  
So Fox went into town  
To buy for his dear lady wife  
A pretty purple gown.  
But, walking by the tailor's shop,  
He saw a suit of red,  
And silly, selfish Mister Fox,  
He bought the suit instead.



"How wise you are," the tailor said,  
"So smart, upon my life."  
Then homeward Mister Fox did go—  
With nothing for his wife!  
So on Mistress Fox's birthday,  
She put that fox to flight,  
And chased him till at last he'd vanished  
Ever from her sight!





# The Sword in the Stone

ONCE upon a time, in days long gone by, Britain was ruled over by a King called Uther.

Those were happy, carefree days, when everyone went about with a smile on his face and no one ever quarrelled with his neighbours.

King Uther was a good king who ruled wisely and well, and so it was little wonder that the people were so happy and contented.

They were simple people, with simple pleasures.

This was long before the days of motor cars, cinemas, television, and so many other things that are so much a part of *our* lives.

In those days, people who lived in the villages amused themselves with pastimes such as archery contests, in which they tried to find out which of them could shoot best with bow and arrow.

The richer people would take part in such things as jousting tournaments, which were contests in which two armour-clad men on horseback, armed with long lances, each tried to knock the other off his horse.

Yes, it was a land full of excitement and thrills.

As everyone knows, however, all good things must come to an end sooner or later, and so it was with the reign of King Uther.

For a long time after his reign ended, no one knew who should be king for Uther had left no son.

The wisest men in the land held meeting after meeting to try to decide who should be their new king, but they seemed quite unable to make up their minds.

Then, at long last, one of the very *wisest* men suggested that all the

lords in the land should come to the greatest church in London Town and see if God would help them in their task of choosing a new king. Happily, everyone agreed with the wise man.

Well, from far and wide they came, and, sure enough, when everyone was gathered in the churchyard, something wonderful happened.

There came a crash of thunder and then there suddenly appeared before them a huge stone on top of which was a mighty anvil. And thrust through the anvil, deep into the stone, was a gleaming sword!

At first, the people were so astonished by what had taken place that no one dared to move.

Then, one by one, they became a little braver and began to approach the sword. And only *then* did they see that there was a message



written on its hilt. And this is the message:

*Whoso pulleth out this sword  
of this stone and anvil is  
right-wise King born of Britain.*

So it seemed that the problem had indeed been solved.

The next king was to be the person who managed to pull the sword out of the anvil.

One by one, the noblemen stepped forward to try to draw the sword, and each time the hilt of the sword was grasped, the waiting crowd held their breath. Was *this* to be their new king, they wondered?

Alas, however, although every lord tried with all his might and main, not one of them could move the sword.

In spite of the high hopes of the people, Britain was still without a king after all.

So after a while, the sword in the stone became overgrown with weeds and briars, and its miraculous appearance was forgotten.

Now there was a certain nobleman called Sir Ector, who had two boys of whom he was very fond.

One of them was big and burly. He was called Kay, and he was the nobleman's own son.

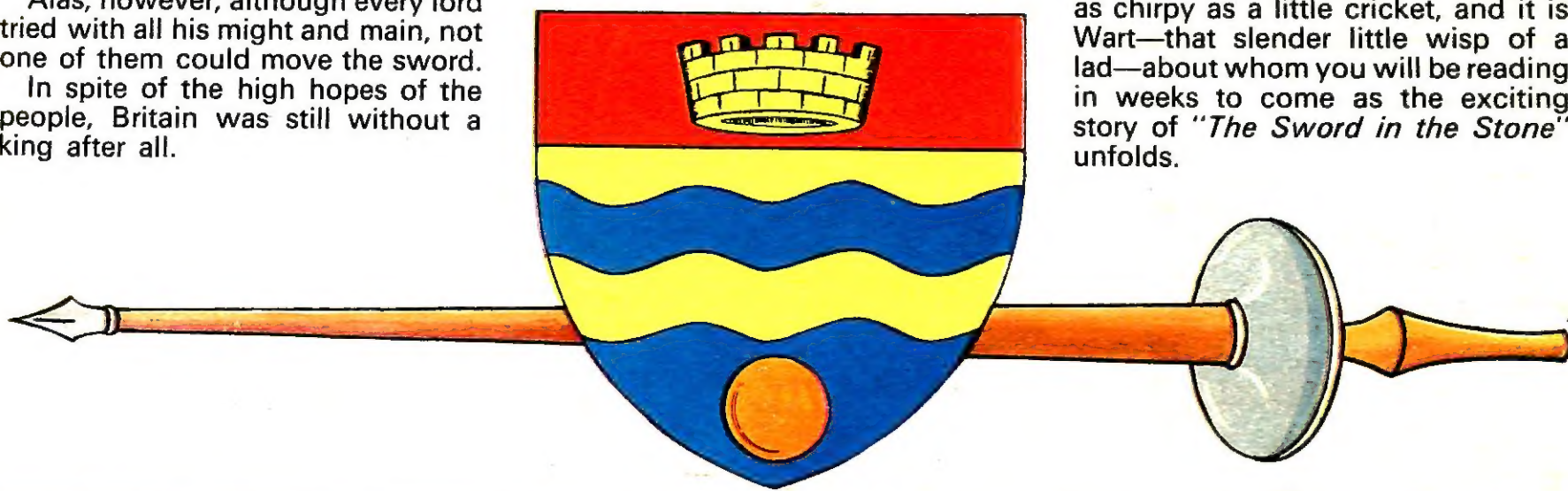
The other boy, who was small and scrawny, was Sir Ector's adopted son. He was known to one and all as Wart, because "Wart" in those days rhymed with "Art" which was short for "Arthur," the boy's real name.

When Kay became a man, he would be called *Sir Kay*, and would own a fine castle and lots of land.

For Wart, however, there was nothing like that to look forward to. It seemed that *his* future life would be very much the same as his life had *always* been, and that he would spend his days as nothing more than a servant for the big, bullying Kay. For Kay was as lazy as could be, and poor little Wart was ordered around all day long by him.

It was "Do this, Wart" and "Do that, Wart" from the time the sun rose in the morning until the time when the sun set at night.

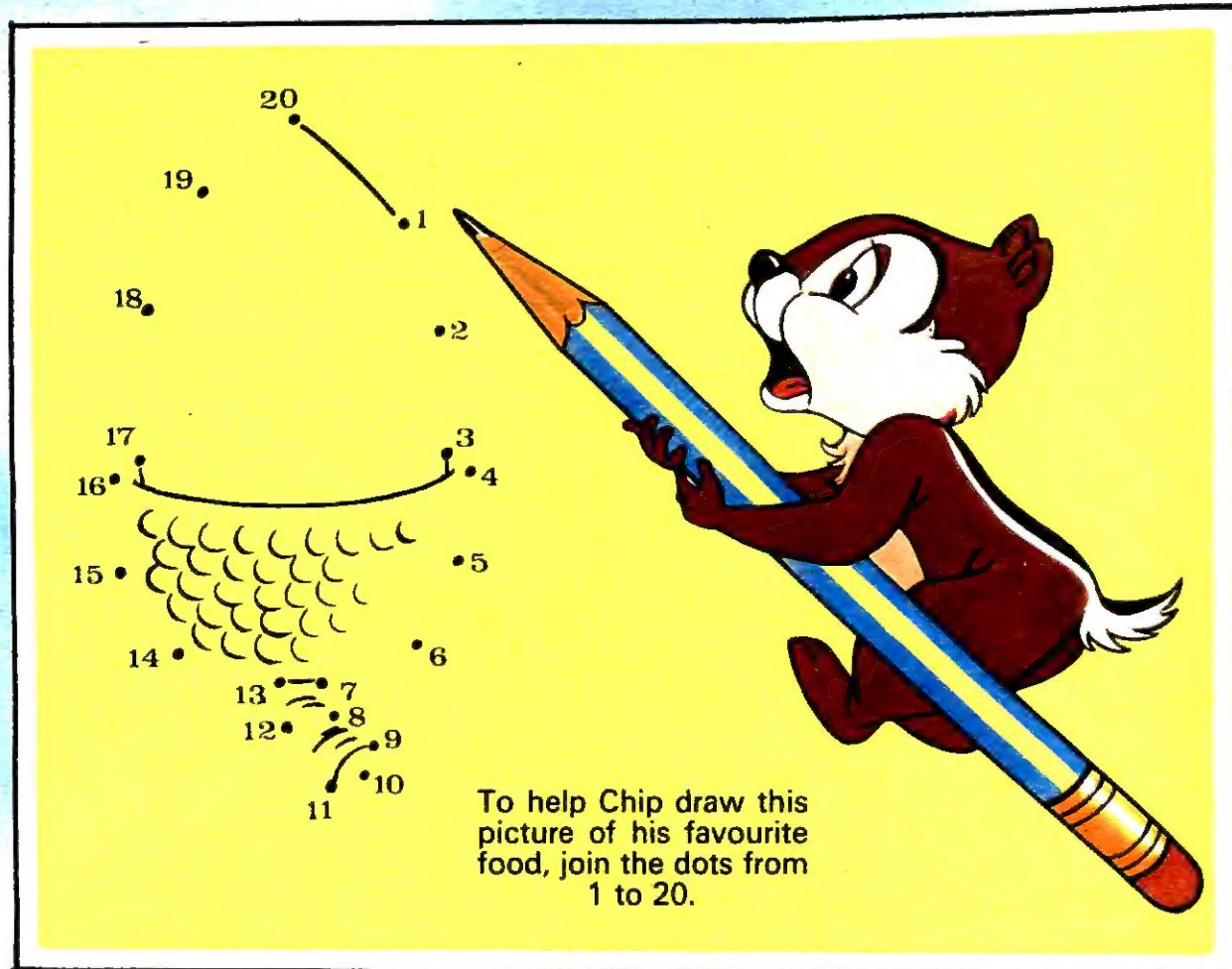
But despite it all, Wart was always as chirpy as a little cricket, and it is Wart—that slender little wisp of a lad—about whom you will be reading in weeks to come as the exciting story of "*The Sword in the Stone*" unfolds.





# Mary Poppins' PUZZLES

Here is jolly Mary Poppins who has popped in with some puzzles, so out with your pencil, and on with the fun.



The five differences between the two pictures of the fairy godmother are: Hatband, wand, left hand and right hand sides of cloak and cloak button.

